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One Halfpenny.

COUNTESS OPENS A MILLINER'S SHOP.



This milliner's shop in South Molton-street, W., was opened yesterday by the Countess Fabbrieotti, a lady well known in society. The smaller photograph is a portrait of the Countess.

AT TO-MORROW'S EXHIBITION.



The Indian Camp at Earl's Court, one of the features at the Naval and Fisheries Exhibition, which will be opened to-morrow.

GERMAN CROWN PRINCE PHOTOGRAPHS A FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN ENGLISH AND GERMAN TEAMS.



The German Crown Prince arriving at the Berlin ground to see the game between the London Civil Service Club and the Berlin Germania Club.



A smart piece of play closely watched by the Kaiser's son, who takes a great interest in all kinds of sport. He closely followed every phase of the play in this match, which the German club won by three goals to two.



The Prince photographed in the act of taking a snapshot of some lively play in mid-field.

KING EDWARD'S HOMECOMING.

His Majesty Holds Important
Conference with Premier.

OPEN-AIR "CABINET."

Touching Incident Marks the
Departure from Paris.

A significant incident marked the return of King Edward to London last evening.

By His Majesty's express desire Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Akers-Douglas were at Victoria Station to meet him. It is understood that the King had expressed the wish to see Mr. Balfour at the earliest possible moment.

On alighting from the train his Majesty at once exchanged greetings with Lord Lansdowne, and then turned to Mr. Balfour. An earnest conversation between the King and his principal Minister followed.

Its significance was heightened by the bearing of the Premier, who bowed several times, as though in acquiescence with the wishes expressed by his Sovereign.

The impression conveyed to the onlookers was that his Majesty had achieved another diplomatic triumph.

HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH.

Obviously his Majesty has benefited greatly in health from the change of the last month. He was dressed in a dark overcoat and a black bowler hat, and, when once his business with his Ministers was concluded, glanced round him with the air of one pleased to be home again.

His people left no doubt that they were glad to see him. From Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace the footways were thronged with a cheering crowd.

His Majesty, obviously touched and pleased by the warmth of his reception, bowed and bowed again.

The King left the Gare du Nord in Paris at 11.10 yesterday morning. He was received at the station by M. Delcassé and M. Lepine, Prefect of Police.

Sir Francis Berie and the whole staff of the British Embassy were also on the station to take leave of their Monarch.

The train arrived at Calais at a quarter to three, and the King, who was received with the greatest enthusiasm, immediately embarked on board the new turbine steamer Onward, which was making her maiden trip.

A splendid passage was made, as it only took the new steamer fifty-eight minutes to pass from quay to quay.

At Dover his Majesty received an enthusiastic greeting on once more landing on British soil, and at once left by train for London.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

His Majesty Talks Kindly to a Paralysed
Scotch Girl.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—A touching incident occurred shortly before the King left the Hotel Bristol this morning.

Mrs. Graeme, a Scotch lady, resident in Paris, drove up to the hotel, and begged to be allowed to see his Majesty.

In the carriage was her daughter, a girl about sixteen years old, who was totally unable to walk owing to paralysis.

Ever since the girl's sufferer had heard that King Edward was in Paris her one desire had been to see his Majesty.

The lady's name and her request were sent up to the King, and although he was on the point of departure his Majesty, with characteristic kindness, sent word that he would see the girl.

She was taken out of the carriage and laid upon a bench in the vestibule of the hotel.

A moment later the King came down, and, after a few words to Mrs. Graeme, bent over the pale-faced girl and said he hoped she was not suffering.

The girl's face lighted up, and when the King took her hand and spoke a few kind words her eyes beamed with gratitude.

A few minutes later she was carried back to the carriage, and the King left immediately afterwards.

Another incident marked the King's stay at the Hotel Bristol, which has a touch of wild life in it.

Among the dense crowd that lined the pavement without, the watchful police noted a suspicious-looking individual in a long coat, the pockets of which bulged ominously.

He was promptly requested to accompany them to the hotel, and complied with alacrity.

There he was made to turn out his pockets, which were found to be stuffed with lemons.

"THE WORST CLUB IN LONDON."

M.P.s Complain of the Discomforts
of Westminster.

DRAUGHTS AND BAD AIR.

"The House of Commons is the worst club in London."

The speaker was Mr. Harwood, formerly an Anglican clergyman and now the wealthy Lancashire cotton-spinner who sits for Bolton.

Parliament was discussing the vote of £31,000 for the Houses of Parliament buildings.

"No club in London," said the elect of Bolton bitterly, "would keep open its doors very long with such poor accommodation."

"The reading-room? A mere passage. Either you must sit too close to the fire and be scorched and grilled, or be too near the windows and be blown up by the wind."

"The spoke-room? It looks into a back yard, and you can't get a seat there."

"The tea-room? Too small. It ought to be enlarged, and a reading-room provided that wouldn't disgrace a second-rate club."

"It reminds me of what Socrates said about marriage. It is a condition in which everybody out of it wants to be in it, and everybody in it wants to be out of it."

"The truth is," said Mr. Gibson Bowles, "there's too much smoking, too much sleeping, too much reading, and too much chess."

"Probably somebody will be venturesome enough to introduce bridge! Well, if he does I shall oppose it to the uttermost."

Lord Balcarras pleaded that they could not please everybody, and was startled by Mr. Dalziel suddenly asking why Mr. Chamberlain, as a private member, had a large room allotted to him in the House.

"Mr. Chamberlain was allotted this room," said Lord Balcarras, "as the leader of the Liberal Unionist Party, just as the Leaders of the Nationalist and Welsh Parties are allowed private rooms."

"But who informed the noble Lord," pressed Mr. Dalziel, "that Mr. Chamberlain was chairman of the Liberal Unionist Party? Perhaps Mr. Arthur Elliot can explain."

Mr. Elliot rose. "I regard Mr. Chamberlain as the chairman of certain organisations outside the House, but not as the chairman of the Party inside."

"If Mr. Dalziel will prove to the First Commissioner of Works that Mr. Chamberlain is not the leader of the Liberal Unionist Party," said Lord Balcarras, "he will probably take the room away from him."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Lord Kitchener's Reported Threat of Resignation—Mr. Brodrick's Statement.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—Much interest centred in a question put to Mr. Brodrick as to whether Lord Kitchener is dissatisfied with the conditions attached to his post of Commander-in-Chief in India.

Mr. Brodrick refused to give a direct reply, which the House at once interpreted as meaning that Lord Kitchener has expressed his dissatisfaction with his present position.

The Cabinet is sharply divided in its support of Lord Kitchener, but although many well-informed members believe that he will get his way in the end, there is no doubt that unless he does so, he will immediately resign.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's vote of censure on the Sir Antony MacDonnell affair will be moved on Tuesday, instead of Monday, as originally arranged.

It is confidently asserted that a way out for the Government will be found by Sir Antony consenting to a change from his present office.

POISON OFFERED TO CHILDREN

Consumptive Mother Presents Her Little Ones
with Deadly Draught.

A terrible tragedy, which has caused great sensation throughout the whole of Monmouthshire, has occurred at Abersychan Town, situated about two miles to the north of Pontypool.

Mrs. Miriam Dobbs, 38, poisoned herself and her two little girls.

When her husband left home for work in the colliery in the morning she appeared to be in good spirits, but soon after he left she procured a bottle of carbolic acid and poured some in a cup. She gave it to three of her children, and two of them died, but the elder is recovering.

The mother then drank some herself, and expired a few hours later.

FLEET IN TYPHOON.

Reported Damage to Several of
Rojestvensky's Ships.

WHERE IS NEBOGATOFF?

The variety of conflicting and incredible rumours about Rojestvensky's fleet seems to justify the statement that emanated from the Russian Admiralty three days ago, to the effect that current reports were of no value whatever.

Yesterday's messages from all parts leave the mind in a maze.

For the twentieth time or so the Russian Admiral, of North Sea notoriety, is reported to be making a dash for Vladivostok.

This time, however, there is an additional detail of thrilling incredibility. Rojestvensky is said to have ploughed his way through the Japanese fleet with the considerable loss of eight vessels—of what description is not stated.

The "Echo de Paris" has an "exclusive" of the news from St. Petersburg, and, being in doubt, publishes it "with all reserve."

A Central News message from Amoy says it is believed that several vessels of the Baltic Fleet have been damaged in a typhoon.

The whereabouts of the Third Baltic Squadron, under Nebogatoff, according to an "Exchange" message from Paris, is causing uneasiness in Russia. It is twenty-six days since the squadron left Jibuti, and nothing definite has been heard of him since.

In yesterday's "Glasgow Herald"—usually well-informed in shipping matters—a special cablegram from St. Petersburg set forth that the Russian Government have purchased the navies of the Argentine Republic and Chili.

£10,000 NECKLACE FOUND.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Valuable Jewels on Neck of
a Dancing-Girl.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's £10,000 pearl necklace, stolen many months ago, was found yesterday on the neck of a dancing girl in a pavilion at South-beach, Coney Island.

The wearer states that she regarded it merely as a piece of cheap store jewellery, and he for every arrest and confession of a brakeman on the East Coast Railway, in connection with other thefts, the necklace would not have been found.

An extraordinary quantity of stolen jewellery has now been recovered, one of the brakemen's confederates possessing nearly £100,000 worth.

His mother and sisters wore costly adornments at small rural entertainments, where no one ever suspected their great value.

THE PARIS "DAILY MAIL."

Experimental Issue Being Telegraphed at
Midnight to France.

As many of our readers may remember, experimental issues of the *Daily Mirror* were printed almost every night for two or three months prior to the publication of the first number.

The same process is now being repeated in connection with the Paris edition of the "Daily Mail," though under very different circumstances.

Promptly at midnight the Hughes automatic printing telegraph machines begin to transmit the contents of the "Daily Mail" to the Paris office of that journal, and we are glad to state that each day witnesses an improvement in the results achieved by the staff in the French capital.

The task is, of course, one of extreme difficulty, but the indications are that the result eventually will be a great success.

There has already been created a much greater demand for the new Paris edition of the "Daily Mail," and for its advertising space, than had been anticipated.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The coroner's jury yesterday held that the recent Huddersfield railway accident was due to the non-criminal neglect of driver Haigh.

From a telegraphic switch in Washington yesterday an electrical time-signal was flashed round the world in seven seconds.

Mrs. Weatherley and her little daughter were thrown out of a trap on the Brighton road, Horley, and seriously injured yesterday through the pony shying at a street organ.

Lord Curzon has forwarded Lord Kitchener a thousand rupias (£200) on behalf of the Gurkha victims of the recent earthquake. "It will tap other sources of generosity," he adds.

NAN PATTERSON— JURY DISAGREE.

Wild Scene at End of Chorus Girl's
Trial for Murder.

NEW YORK'S HEROINE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Thursday.—The jury engaged in trying the case of Nan Patterson, the "Floradora" chorus-girl, indicted on the charge of shooting and killing the bookmaker "Casar" Young, in a hansom cab, deliberated for eleven hours upon their verdict, and this morning announced that there was no chance of agreeing. They were discharged, and it is understood that this ends the case, the District Attorney having said that in the event of a disagreement he would quash the indictment and let the prisoner go.

This is the third trial of the "Floradora" girl; on each occasion her beauty and legitimate doubt caused the jury to disagree. Americans are now pointing with satisfaction to the fact that, although she is only twenty-two years old, she has been thrice tried for murder, and therefore holds the feminine murder trial record of the United States.

SERENADING THE JURY.

Wild scenes took place in the Criminal Court building in which Recorder Goff heard the case. Thousands of citizens, with their wives, sisters, and sweethearts, camped out in Centre-street during the whole time when the jury, with the aid of a skeleton, the fatal pistol, the dead man's clothes, and diagrams were wondering who killed Young.

The jurymen could hear the cries of the mob outside demanding that the chorus girl be set free. When the jurors were taken to a restaurant for supper, with a powerful escort of police, the crowd surrounded them, chanting to the rhythm of a college yell, "Set Nan free! Set Nan free! Hooray! N-a-n! N-a-n! N-a-n!"

The chorus girl was the heroine of the day. Although she stole Young from his wife, and was a thoroughly disreputable person, the public have long since forgiven her. "Nan Patterson" Young is dead. As between a dead man and a live and attractive woman there is never any doubt as to which way the sympathies of an American crowd will go. Besides, the feelings of Americans are nearly always with the woman.

ENGLISH JOURNALIST WEPT.

Mr. Levy, the bald-headed and astute lawyer for the defence, was cheered as he made his way between the court and his office. The District Attorney and his assistants were hooted. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the English poet, who is now on the staff of New York's most sensational newspaper, has been reporting the case. During Mr. Levy's speech for the prisoner Mr. Le Gallienne grew maudlin, and wept hysterically. The crowd, grateful to him for having done this, greeted him enthusiastically, and the circulation of his paper rose.

Recorder Goff's charge to the jury was popular. They regarded it as friendly to the accused. He is not usually a favorite. The public consider him somewhat of a martinet in the matter of right and wrong.

The Tombs Prison, where Nan Patterson was confined, is just across the street from the court, and prisoners pass over what is called "The Bridge of Sighs," almost a replica of that in Venice. The accused, with her sister, walked on this to and from the court every day. It was known when she was crossing, and the mob yelled to encourage her as she passed.

OFFERS FOR THE STAGE.

It was a tired-looking jury that filed into court at two o'clock this morning after the Recorder had been sent for. The prisoner was brought in by women valets, and the court was an accused person is not put in a dock while being tried, but sits in the body of the court with counsel. The prisoner leaned on the arm of her lawyer. When told to stand up to hear the verdict, she tottered and almost fell. The foreman assured the Recorder that there was no hope of an agreement. Then the accused fainted, and was carried out to the prison hospital in a chair in a state of nervous collapse. On her return to the Tombs, which is a prison for short-term offenders and those awaiting trial, the news of a disagreement was circulated through the institution, and vociferous cheers floated from the cells.

A horde of theatrical managers is waiting to go Nan Patterson's bail. The probable formula is that she will be released under bonds, and subsequently discharged.

Large sums have been offered to her to return to the stage and "star" in a play made from the story of her life. Her stage-money value was £4 a week before the shooting. It is now about £400.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable breezes; misty or cloudy early, sunny later; wind, S.W.

Lighting-up time, 8.27 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

DOUBLE LIFE.

Man Who Kept Up Two Homes in Adjoining Streets.

STRANGE STORY.

When William Albert Jackson, an engineer, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for bigamy at the Old Bailey yesterday, the Recorder stigmatised the case as a very bad one. And, indeed, more callous, cowardly conduct than that described during the trial would be hard to conceive.

Married in 1895 at St. Mark's, Mittenlon-square, to his first wife, by whom he had two children, Jackson first met Miss Emily Adelaide Leslie, an extremely pretty brunette, about three years ago. Though her home was in the next street to his own, Jackson had the effrontery to represent himself as a single man, with property at Bromley in Kent.

The acquaintance ripened, with the aid of frequent rides upon a tandem bicycle, till in 1904 Jackson contracted a second marriage with Miss Leslie at St. Andrew's, Holborn. He was actually at this time paying great attention to yet a third lady.

He gave as his reason for not living with Miss Leslie that, having to pay off a large debt on his Kentish property, he could not yet provide a home for her.

However, he took and furnished rooms for his victim in Granville-square, where he visited her only every two or three weeks.

He made her a weekly allowance, which barely covered the rent of the rooms, and for her living the deluded "wife" had to work as before.

"You Must Shift for Yourself."

At the end of January last, "Mrs. Jack Rayner," as Miss Leslie believed herself to be, told her "husband" that he would soon have to provide for a child. "I can't provide for you," said this ignoble fellow, "much less for your child. You must shift for yourself." And from that day she never had speech with him again.

Her suspicions at last aroused, she followed him for the first time, to discover that his home was scarcely 200 yards from her own, and that it was a wife and children, instead of property in Kent, which kept him away. Face to face, "Mrs. Rayner" and Mrs. Jackson learned for the first time how they had both been tricked.

Miss Leslie immediately placed the matter in the hands of the police, but Jackson, who with his real wife and two children had moved in the meantime to Manor Park, was not arrested till March 28—at his mother's funeral at Finchley.

"Yes," he exclaimed when arrested, "I knew it would come to this sooner or later, and I suppose I shall go through it now." Jackson had arranged to go abroad.

The quiet bravery of the poor girl, who has been left to face the responsibility of motherhood alone, increases rather than diminishes the pathos of her situation.

EARL AS DEFENDANT.

Sequel to a Brougham and Motor-Car Collision of Last Summer.

The Earl of Harrington figured as a defendant in a case in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Against his lordship, Mr. Otto Stuart Andree, of 10, Eaton-square, claimed compensation for damage done to a brougham and personal injuries to Mrs. Andree by a motor-car, which, it was alleged, was negligently driven.

The accident took place in Grosvenor-crescent, in June of last year, when, it is said, his lordship's car collided with the brougham and Mrs. Andree was cut by the splintered glass.

The occupant of the car, said Mrs. Andree, drove off without making any inquiry or offering help.

The case was adjourned.

MARRIED WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

I didn't ask her to put the ban on at church. My idea was I was not married at all. I only went to church because I was told I was wanted there."

This was the plea of William Sparkes, at Norwich yesterday, when charged with neglecting and deserting his wife.

He lived with her two months after marriage, and went away without saying a word, and subsequently the wife went to the workhouse, where a child was born.

Three weeks' imprisonment.

£600 MOTOR-CAR STOLEN AT NIGHT.

From a stable in Clifton Mews, Chelsea, were yesterday stolen very early in the morning a 20-h.p. Thornycroft motor-car, worth £600, and a motor-cycle, which has since been recovered. Mr. F. H. Baxendale, of Cadogan-gardens, the owner, has some clue to the whereabouts of the car, which is green, with white bonnet and wing, and three large lamps, numbered A6731.

LOVE AND MONEY.

One Ray of Romance in a Businesslike Commercial Courtship.

A tale of broken love was related by Rachael Goldman, a Jewish tailor, to Mr. Justice Bray, at the Manchester Assizes yesterday, when Bernard Nedolf was ordered to pay her £25 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

The parties were introduced to each other by a Mrs. Falk, who, on their engagement in 1902, received a commission from both sides.

Miss Goldman was possessed of a little money, and Nedolf endeavoured to acquire as much as he could before marriage. Before they were formally engaged, he borrowed £5, and she made other small advances; but when in August, 1902, he asked for a further loan of £20, Miss Goldman's commercial prudence gained the ascendancy over her romantic willingness.

A few days afterwards the Jewish New Year dawned, and Nedolf sent her an elaborate card. It bore drawings of a pair of hands clasped within a bower of forget-me-nots, with a pair of doves in the background.

This was the only feature in their courtship which lifted it from the prosaic.

Miss Goldman disappeared, and, except that Miss Goldman heard incidentally that he had courted another lady, named Cohen, and had given her up because she had no money, she was not aware of his place of residence until a few months ago.

She went to see him, and then discovered he was married.

Bernard denied that he had ever even known her, and when asked to be repaid the £5 which she had lent. Under threat of proceedings, however, he paid this money.

Bernard's story was that when he became engaged he was well off, but his business fell off, and because his clothes got shabby, Rachael said, "I am a nice girl. I have £40 in the bank, clothes, and jewels—I should be a fool to marry you."

He regarded these words as tantamount to breaking off the engagement.

When she said his clothes were shabby he was cut to the heart, and very depressed for some days.

JOY TO NATURE-LOVERS.

Day of Issue of "The Countryside" Rapidly Approaching.

"The Countryside," Mr. E. Kay Robinson's new journal of bird, plant, insect, shore, river, garden, wild, and country life, is rapidly approaching the day of issue—Wednesday, May 17.

Mr. E. Kay Robinson is the author of "The Country Day by Day" in the "Daily Mail." For his "Countryside" he has gathered together the most brilliant list of writers on natural history yet collected for any one journal. Among the principal contributors will be: Mr. W. Canton, Mr. D. G. Cresswell, Professor Warde Fowler, Mr. Seaton P. Gordon, Mr. W. H. Hudson, Professor E. Hulme, Mr. R. Kearton, Sir George Kekewich, Dr. G. Leighton, Mr. J. C. Millais, Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, and Rev. Theodore Wood.

It is quite likely that, as in the case of the "Harmsworth Encyclopedia," the demand for "The Countryside" will enormously exceed the supply, and an advance order at once to a newsagent or a railway bookstall is strongly recommended.

The annual subscription is 6s. 6d., post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, and 8s. 8d. abroad. All communications should be addressed to the Manager, "The Countryside," 2 and 4, Tudor-street, London, E.C.

LIFE ON A CRUISER.

Realistic Pictures at the Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court.

The Naval, Shipping, and Fisheries Exhibition at Earl's Court opens to-morrow. There is no doubt whatever that it will be popular.

The chief feature of interest will be the Electric Theatre, fitted up to represent the deck of a cruiser.

Here are to be seen genuine 4.7 quickfiring guns, Hotchkiss guns, Maxim guns, torpedo-tubes; while from time to time various incidents in the daily routine of life on a cruiser are vividly portrayed.

The Indian village shows us the daily life of "braves," squaws, and papooses, of the Ojibwa, Iroquois, and other tribes. They play their own peculiar games; row on the lake in genuine birch-bark canoes, and give exhibitions of bow-and-arrow shooting.

And the Trafalgar panorama is splendidly realistic.

IMPORTANT TO WORKMEN.

The Master of the Rolls held yesterday that, under the Workmen's Compensation Act, it was held that a man was still "in the course of his employment" if he met with an accident on his way to or from work.

INVASION OF LONDON.

Bootmakers To March on the Capital Next Week.

RESOLUTE STRIKERS.

London calmly awaits an invasion.

The threat of the Army boot strikers of Raunds to sweep down upon the metropolis is no idle menace.

The Northamptonshire workers, full of chagrin at their treatment by the contractors, have arranged a protest which is likely to strike the imagination of the country and assure the nation of their earnestness.

The programme is practically complete. London has merely to wait for the blow of Protestant labour to be delivered.

The Raunds men mean to have no nonsense. If the War Office will not hear them—well, then they will advance in solid phalanx to the Houses of Parliament and seek to lay their grievances before the country's representatives at the bar of the Commons.

Who may say but for what they may even invade the sanctity of the gilded chamber itself, there to convince the startled occupant of the woolsack of the determination of King Demos.

The gallant little band have been subjected to considerable ridicule by the Raunds people, but have already shown that they are stalwart and faithful to a fixed purpose.

Chaff they take good-humouredly. They are prepared to admit, despite the seriousness of the issues to them, that there is a slightly humorous and novel side to their undertaking.

But beneath the smile with which they meet the kindly banter of those who can be jocular with discretion, there is a grim and deep-seated air of resolution.

Arrangements Complete.

Councillor Gribble, the strike manager, addressing a meeting of operatives in the market place yesterday, declared, amid cheers, that all arrangements for the march were complete, and that they were now awaiting the sanction of the Central Committee of the Shoe Operatives' Union, which he fully expected would be given.

"Despite all ridicule," he said, "we are thoroughly in earnest, and so far as I personally am concerned as well as the strikers at the back of me, the march will be undertaken."

Mr. Gribble assured the *Daily Mirror* that he contemplated beginning the march on Monday.

"We shall not go to Windsor," he said, "and we have a corps of cyclists, who will go a day in advance, arranging for food and lodging."

"We shall take enough food and money with us for the first day's journey, which will probably be to Bedford; about seventeen miles distant."

Rely on Subscriptions.

"For the rest of the march we shall rely upon collections en route. We shall have a band with us, and I shall address meetings at every town we pass through."

"We shall proceed first to the War Office, and present a petition appealing to the authorities to interfere on our behalf, as the manufacturers are wilfully violating the fair wages clause."

"Failing satisfaction there, we shall march in force to the Houses of Parliament, and present our petition, asking to be heard at the bar."

"I don't expect we shall succeed in that, but at least we shall have opened the eyes of the public to the reality of our grievances."

"We shall not go to Windsor to appeal to the King, as that would be no good, but steps will be taken to acquaint the King of the way the Army operatives are being imposed upon by the contractors."

COST OF FALSE CHARGES.

Luggage of Club Steward Fruitlessly Searched for Missing Vases.

Vases to the value of £40 were the subject of a curious slander action decided in the King's Bench Division before Mr. Justice Ridley yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, of Barnes, who were formerly steward and stewardess of the Southend Yacht Club, stayed at Cardiff House, Westcliff-on-Sea.

When they left they were followed by Mrs. Howard, who accused them of taking the vases away from the house.

She insisted on the luggage being searched, but it was afterwards found that Mrs. Howard's son-in-law, who was a curio-dealer, had taken them up to town.

Twenty-four awarded £50 damages to Mr. and Mrs. Willis.

CRICKET v. POLITICS.

League cricket is more important than local politics.

This view is held by the Mayor of Nelson (Lancs.), who has decided that an impending by-election for the town council shall be held on a Wednesday; and not on a Saturday, as suggested by the local Labour party.

WAR ON "ROAD-HOGS."

M.P.s and County Councillors Denounce Reckless Motorists.

Mr. Akers-Douglas, Home Secretary, and Mr. Grant Lawson, representing the Local Government Board, were bombarded with questions in the House of Commons yesterday as to the speed of motor-cars.

In reply to Mr. Channing, Mr. Grant Lawson said he hoped magistrates would impose penalties sufficiently deterrent to put an end to the evil of furious driving without it being necessary to have recourse to further legislation.

He promised Mr. Scott-Montagu that the Government would give consideration to any Bill introduced for giving driving licensing authorities powers as to aliens applying for licences. It would be difficult to distinguish between aliens applying for licences and others.

Mr. Akers-Douglas, replying to Mr. Lambert, said he had no right to prescribe to magistrates how they should exercise their discretion regarding the imposition of fines or imprisonment.

With regard to the cyclists engaged on the Brighton road to warn motorists of police "traps," Mr. Cawley asked whether the Home Secretary meant to invoke the law in respect of illegal conspiracy. Mr. Akers-Douglas said the county police were quite prepared to deal with the matter.

There was unanimous support for a motion that a special committee should be appointed to urge the London County Council to join with them in a comprehensive scheme to widen all main roads out of London, or create new ones. This was proposed specially in view of the enormous extension of motor-car and tramcar traffic. Lieutenant-Colonel Bowles, M.P., said it was an Imperial matter.

Frightened by a motor-car, a horse bolted near Hayward's Heath yesterday. Mr. Henry Taylor, who was driving it in a trap, was thrown into the road and severely injured. The horse was badly cut, and the trap was smashed.

SIR F. TREVES ON ALCOHOL.

How Soldier Drinkers Dropped Out on March to Ladysmith.

"Alcohol is distinctly a poison," said Sir Frederick Treves, addressing a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, at Church House, Westminster, yesterday.

It was an insidious poison, he continued, producing effects which seemed to have only one antidote—alcohol again.

On the march to Ladysmith the soldiers who were drinkers dropped out as if they were labelled. Alcohol was inconsistent with surgical or any other work which required quick, keen, and alert judgment.

Looking back upon hospital practice extending over twenty-five years, he could say that the use of alcohol was most emphatically diminishing. It was not an appetiser, and no appetite needed artificial stimulation. Even in small amounts alcohol hindered digestion.

"BONNET-BOX" PROFITS.

Famous Milliner, Who Migrated from East London, Leaves £84,000.

"Madame Louise," Mrs. Emma Ann Thompson, left estate worth £84,034 12s. 10d. to various relatives.

This famous business woman started in a small way in Walworth and Shorechich, where her premises were called "The Bonnet-Box," and from these small beginnings grew the businesses of "Madame Louise" and "Marguerite" in the West End.

Mr. Stanley Redfern Russell, founder of Redferns, Limited, dressmakers, died worth £52,511 9s. 4d.

Mr. John Morris, the well-known solicitor, left estate valued at £392,402 10s. 9d., one of his bequests being an annuity of £250 to his manager, Mr. William Hobbs Adams.

SCALING TABLELAND'S LEGS.

An amusing story of the British mission to Lhasa was told yesterday at the Royal United Service Institution by Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Jergaldeen, who was its chief staff officer.

An indignant soldier, after hours of laborious climbing, was heard to exclaim to a comrade: "Look 'ere, Bill, I've 'ad enough of this; I was told as 'ow Tibet was a tableland." "So it is," replied the other; "can't you see yer're climbing up one of its legs?"

Arrangements were made with seven railway companies by the Mersey Harbour Board yesterday by which charges for handling cotton goods will be reduced 1s. 10d. per ton and grain 1s. 7d.

HUSBANDS WHO DO HOUSEWORK.

Pitman Housewife's Model Menu for Sundays.

WIFE'S TESTIMONIAL.

There is a charming freshness and not a little humour in the husband-housewife case that comes from a suburb of Blackburn.

It marks a complete turning of the tables in domestic management, though among the collier families of the Black Country it is apparently no unusual thing for the wife to keep the husband, while the husband keeps the house, receiving an allowance as pocket-money from his spouse.

This reversal of the order of things was revealed through a Mrs. Lightbown applying at the Blackburn Police Court for a maintenance order against her stay-at-home husband.

As stated in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, she told the magistrate that her "nollie"—as husband housekeepers are locally styled—cooked the food, baked the bread and scones, mended the stockings, and washed the clothes. He was a collier for forty years, and came up from the pits for good five years ago. His wife pays him half a crown a week.

In an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday the housekeeping father said with real pride: "There's not many can lick me at owt in housework."

Taught Knitting at School.

"I was taught knitting and sewing at a cottage school fifty years ago, but I've picked up cooking since. I give them a joint and vegetables on Sundays and sometimes other days of the week, followed with pudding—rice, Yorkshire, or batter. "Then I bake a stone of flour twice a week and make cakes for tea, potato pies, or anything that's wanted."

"A woman comes in to ease me of scrubbing the floors and making the beds," he admitted, half-apologetically.

Asked how he liked housework, he said: "I have to like it. I am here, you see, and I can do nowt else, after working forty years in the coal-pit."

At this point Mrs. Lightbown, who is considerably younger, came in from shopping, a very trim and neat figure in her print dress.

"Half a crown a week," she remarked, alluding to the allowance she gave her husband. "But he's been asking for 5s."

"I will say he's a very good housekeeper, and nobody need be snigger than he, if he would keep his tongue from running riot."

Champion Housekeeper.

"I think it is the Lancashire rule for the women to keep the men. One of the best housekeepers in England is a man who lives further up the road. He does everything, and his wife has only to dand the stockings at night."

"He even buys in, and that's more than mine will do."

"No," chimed in the husband, "I'll not do that."

"And it was a good while before thou would offer to peg the clothes out on the line," continued his wife. "But thou does it now."

Observing that in the discharge of her duties as a nurse she had seldom been at home since Christmas, Mrs. Lightbown said she could get lots of women housekeepers, but they were such frauds.

"A give Lancashire men, the old ones, their due; they are very handy and work well in a house, but I don't believe in young men stopping at home and sending their wives out to work."

"Yes," added the good-natured wife, "he only wants a baby. I told him at Christmas I should bring him a child to nurse."

"No," ejaculated the old chap, looking up from the stocking he was darning, "if thou brings a child here thou must take it on thy own back."

"RICH MR. KELLY."

Romeo-Croesus Acknowledges Fraud and Is Sent to Prison.

The "rich Mr. Kelly" who swept down on Belfast with stories of £30,000 left him by a rich Australian uncle, and laid siege to the hearts of Belfast and Armagh maidens, has wound up his public career in a somewhat ignominious fashion.

The ex-militiaman was sentenced yesterday at Belfast to two months' imprisonment for fraud.

Kelly admitted having assaulted and robbed of eight shillings the mother of the girl he had promised to wed, and counsel for the prosecution declared his romance of wealth to have been woven for purposes of fraud.

Frank Briars, an ex-Metropolitan police constable, was yesterday sentenced at the Old Bailey to six months' hard labour for robbing City letter-boxes.

PASTOR'S ELOPEMENT.

Ex-Decorator Who Ran Away with Member of His Flock.

How a young painter and decorator became a Congregational minister, and then ruined his career by his conduct towards a young lady member of his congregation was told in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Henry Norton married his wife, Mrs. Jane Isabel Norton, in 1900. They went to live at Bicester, where Mr. Norton, who had just finished his training for the ministry at a college in Nottingham, having been supported by money supplied by his wife, was in charge of a chapel.

A Miss Prentice attended the chapel, and Mr. Norton called his wife's attention to this young lady. "Be kind to her," he said. So Miss Prentice was asked to visit at the minister's house.

One day in 1902 the young minister announced to his wife that he was going to attend a meeting of his denomination at Oxford. He never returned. Mrs. Norton afterwards found out that he had eloped to New York with Miss Prentice. He said in a letter recently received:—

"The cause of this conduct of mine is an unhappy marriage. Miss Prentice came to be unto me what my wife never was, and never could be. So we decided to spend the rest of our days together."

A decree nisi in Mrs. Norton's favour was pronounced by the president.

CRIMINAL AS WARDER.

Impostor Who Led a Dupe Handcuffed Through the Streets.

William Ward, who was remanded yesterday on a charge of fraudulently obtaining £20 from a City firm by representing himself to be a disabled workman, is, judging from his long and curious record, a clever actor.

He is the man who posed as a warder not long ago, and led one of his dupes handcuffed through the streets.

Once he boldly called at Wandsworth Prison with a letter to the effect that he was a nephew of the chief warder at Pentonville, and secured an appointment as assistant-warder.

When a policeman was murdered in Commercial-road, on November 30, 1900, Ward came forward and said he saw the crime committed, but afterwards had to admit that his statements were pure invention.

Representing himself to be a detective, Charles Williams, aged nineteen, induced Ada Wood, of Nottingham, to give him 10s., threatening if she refused to arrest her on a certain charge.

Prisoner, who had handcuffs and a police whistle in his pocket, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

MR. PLOWDEN CRITICISED.

Prosecuting Counsel Deals with His Attack on Prison Authorities.

Mr. Bodkin, as prosecuting counsel in a case at the Old Bailey, took the unusual course of criticising Mr. Plowden, the well-known Metropolitan magistrate.

The man in the dock was a Greek cigar merchant, Militady Folkidaki, who was charged with wounding a Wormwood Scrubs warder under peculiar circumstances, which will be remembered.

He was given three stripes for good conduct, but, being unable to read the prison regulations, he thought they meant three additional years of imprisonment.

In exasperation he attacked the warder with a pair of scissors.

Mr. Bodkin said that at the magisterial hearing Mr. Plowden went almost so far as to suggest that the man was justified in committing the assault.

The magistrate said, further, that he wished he had an opportunity of stating his views to the jury, adding that he thought it was a petty prosecution.

It was one of the serious points in the case that a gentleman holding so responsible a position as a Metropolitan magistrate should have made such observations, for at the present day the prison authorities did all they could to assist a prisoner.

The Judge thought the case would be met by sentencing the Greek to fourteen days' hard labour.

FIFTY-FIVE MARRIES FIFTEEN.

An extraordinary case came before the Worksop Guardians yesterday.

A man seventy years of age applied for out relief, and it was shown that he had been married twice.

By his first wife he had eight children, and by his second, who is only thirty, he has a further seven.

At the time of his second marriage he was fifty-five and his wife fifteen.

For obtaining credit whilst an undischarged bankrupt, Alexander Wilson, a builder, of Brockley, was yesterday sentenced to three days' imprisonment.

"SEEDLESS" APPLES.

How Have Thirty Shilling Specimens Acquired Pips and Cores?

Mr. Shearn, of Tottenham Court-road, has exhibited in his shop window since Wednesday sections of two apples which he asserts are the identical "seedless, coreless apples" he bought at Covent Garden on January 28 for 30s. apiece. Unfortunately the sections disclose, as stated in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, where a photograph was also reproduced, healthy pips and unusually large cores.

Mr. Sampson Morgan, the greatest authority on seedless apples on this side of the Atlantic, telegraphed on Wednesday:—"In February Shearn informed me he had sold the seedless apples. Those cut yesterday not Spencer seedless apples." But Mr. Shearn fitted the sections together and compared them with a photograph which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* at the time he purchased them.

Yesterday Mr. Morgan telegraphed to the *Daily Mirror* as follows:—

"Will Mr. Shearn deny:

1. That in February he told me he had sold the two seedless apples for which he had paid thirty shillings each?

2. That he sold them for five pounds each?

3. That he gave the profits, seven pounds, to the Tottenham unemployed fund?

"If Mr. Shearn denies this, I will at once forward proof of my statement to the editor of the *Daily Mirror*."

"If Mr. Shearn admits this, by what means was he able to produce the two identical apples and cut same to test seedlessness?"

"At the St. Louis Exposition the Spencer seedless apple received a medal, and the fruits shown were admitted to be seedless. Mr. Alexander Cohan, president of the leading U.S. horticultural society, testifies, 'The Spencer apples were not only seedless but coreless,' and again, 'I am convinced you have in it a fruit that will revolutionise apple-growing all over the world.'"

"A committee of seven, including Cohan, testified after examination of the apple, 'Found them to be commercial seedless and coreless apples, which will revolutionise the apple business of the world.'"

"The *Daily Mirror* photographs do not prove that the cut apples were the Spencer apples."

DUTY OF THE POLICEMAN.

Magistrate's Severe Remarks on an Unchecked Anti-Alien Outbreak.

A remarkable case of racial animosity was reported to the magistrates at Thames Police Court yesterday, when nine boys were remanded on a charge of stealing gas-mantles, etc., from Barnett Goldstein, an alien dealer, in Crisp-street, Poplar.

About 100 boys, egged on by a number of men, attacked Goldstein and his man, who were in the street with a barrow last Friday.

The barrow was demolished and the goods stolen, and their owner hounded out of the locality.

Goldstein told the Court that he complained to a constable, who told him he must look after his own barrow.

The magistrate expressed surprise at the absence of the police, the affair taking place in broad daylight.

It was a matter, he added, that must be looked into very carefully, for such a thing could not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Constables were placed about the streets simply to be ornamental.

SHORTHAND TRAMP.

Member of City Company Figures as a Beggar.

After admitting to the Windsor magistrates yesterday that he had been begging in the royal borough, John Brice astonished their worship by stating that he was a freeman of the Ironmongers' Company of the City of London.

So were his father and his grandfather before him.

Head Constable Nicholls handed to the Bench a book containing printed accounts of the charities of the company, and these were covered with shorthand notes.

The magistrates handed the book to the *Daily Mirror*, who explained to the Court that the notes were an account of Brice's wanderings. Here is one typical entry:—

Bad times. Put socks on straight. Called at shop and asked for mutton fat. Save all fat.

Brice, who explained that since he lost his mother, his main support, he had had to go on the road, was discharged on promising to leave the town.

MISSIONARY SENTENCED.

William Allister, the West Ham missionary charged with misappropriating part of a sum of £5 entrusted to him for the benefit of the poor, was yesterday, at the Old Bailey, sentenced to one month's imprisonment in the second division.

AUSTRALIANS

AT THE WICKETS.

Noble and Hill the Heroes of a Big Innings.

BAT BEATS THE BALL.

By F. B. WILSON (last year's Cambridge Captain).

The Cornstalks opened their season yesterday at the Crystal Palace with the best of good omens, Darling guessing right the very first time, and beating Dr. Grace in the flick of the yellow-bird (the toss).

Darling decided to bat first, the wicket being of the slow-and-easy type at the commencement. That redoubtable pair, Trumper and Duff, started for the Australians, as usual, Beldam and Breatley opening the attack. When Trumper hit over the top of a " Yorker," there was a curious mixture of delight and disappointment at his dismissal.

Followed Clem Hill. He started leisurely, but when he once got the pace of the wicket he gave the bowlers beans, his on-side forcing shots being especially fine. Duff looked like helping himself to a fat score, before being caught by the timber-watcher (wicket-keeper). Followed Noble, who is partial to the Palace ground, where he notched a century in '99, in his first match in this country.

Noble Confident.

Yesterday he opened quietly, but quite confidently, making the bowling look rather easy. Together, Hill and Noble shot the score up to over 150, and Dr. Grace had to put on his thinking cap in his manipulation of the bowling.

When things were looking rather black for the Gentlemen, A. C. MacLaren "pouched a fizzer" (made a fine catch) in the slips, dismissing Hill for 87. Though he had had more than one slice of fat (luck), Hill played a fine innings, which was of the greatest value to his side. Noble did not long survive him, being well caught in the country by Warner off Odell, and with Gregory "snapped in the box" (practically third man brought in close) by Poidevin for a moon, the Gentlemen's chances began to look more rosy.

Darling and Armstrong, however, made another stand, the former lashing out and playing the "half-cock shot," the well-foisted method of stopping the ball alternately. Armstrong also used forcing tactics with success, though the ball was difficult to keep on the carpet, as the wicket was inclined to kick occasionally. Hopkins also, as usual, played freely, and the spectators enjoyed some delightful cricket while Armstrong and he were together. McLeod, Kelly, and Cotter, however, gave little trouble, the last three wickets falling for eight runs, and the innings closing for 270.

Capital Score on Dead Wicket.

All things considered, 270 is a distinctly good total, and unless the wicket plays more easily the Gentlemen are likely to have their work cut out to lead on the first innings.

Owing to the bad light stumps were drawn at 5.45, Grace being not out 1, and Warner not out 0; the score being one wicket for no runs.

Yorkshire made a fine recovery from an inauspicious start yesterday, Denton and Tunnicliffe nothing 107 and 63 respectively. Denton is always at his best on a wet wicket, and his pulling is magnificent—so that which he demonstrated more than once. Denton must be reckoned as in the running for the English Test match side, as, in addition to being a fine punishing bat, he is one of the best fields in the world.

Bowlers had a field-day at the Oval yesterday, the bat being a bad second to the ball. This was owing, however, to good bowling more than the lack of practice inevitable at this period of the season, Reeves and Buckenham both bowling with a good length with plenty of devil in the ball.

For Surrey, Lees was in good form, being, as he sometimes is, rather deceptive in the flight of the ball, and coming very quickly off the pitch. If not overworked, Lees should have a fine season in front of him.

F. B. WILSON.

(Other cricket appears on page 14.)

HALF-A-CROWN FOR A COW.

In a case of cruelty to a cow at Brentford yesterday it was stated that the animal was in such a wretched condition that only 2s. 6d. was offered for it at Southall Market.

For travelling the cow by road, John Pearce, of Viewsey, was fined 10s. and costs.

FAMILY OF SUICIDES.

At the inquest yesterday on Walter Valentine Starck, engineer, who took poison in Miner-square, Islington, it was stated that Starck's brother and sister had both committed suicide within the last few years.

The deceased had swallowed spirits of salts, and the coroner remarked that "a child could not buy a bottle of beer unless it was properly sealed up, but could easily obtain spirits of salts, and, in ignorance, take a sip of it."

PAVEMENT ARTIST AT THE ACADEMY.

What He Thought of His Brothers
of the Brush.

CANDID COMMENTS.

London's greatest pavement artist, Tom Walker, of Thurlow-square, South Kensington, went to the Royal Academy yesterday.

He has been there before, and knew his way about. First he desired to see Mr. Harold Speed's picture of the King. There were a group of three ladies standing as close as they could possibly get to the picture. Walker smiled with just a tinge of contempt.

"What do you think they can see there?" he said as he stepped back to get the right light; "but then they didn't come for the pictures. They came to talk about dress."

The big canvas did not please him entirely. "I've seen better portraits of the King," he said, with his head slightly on one side; "to my mind the colours are too subdued." But it was a very natural picture, he thought.

Passing through the crowded rooms, "Tom Walker the one," he cried suddenly, and approached close to a small canvas by Mr. Arthur Chaplin, entitled "Flowers and Fruit." He looked at it long and earnestly from this point of view and that, and his judgment was made.

"Picture of the Year."

"My opinion is," he began slowly, "that's the picture of the year. Look how natural, how true to life. The closer you look at it the better it is. Now that's the sort that do well on the stones."

Mr. Luke Fildes's picture of the Queen appealed to him. He admired the dignity and the beauty of it. "But, of course," he added, "I couldn't do that for the pavement. He probably took months to do that, and I have to do mine quick. People wouldn't wait if I took an hour over one picture."

Impressionism did not interest him at all. "What people want to see," he declared emphatically, "is something that touches them at once, something they know and recognise. Not a thing they have to think about and guess at."

A war picture with its vivid colours had his approval. "The Cut Finger," a child having its little wound bound up, would, he thought, be very popular.

When he came to Mr. Sargent's portrait of Manuel Garcia, "That's fine," he said—"fine." The broad touch, the lifelike effect, filled him with admiration.

A Good One for the "Stones."

There was another work which he said he would like to copy—"London Children," some little ones dancing about an organ. "That'd go well on the stones," he declared quietly.

But after the whole survey he came back to his first choice, "Flowers and Fruit." "That's the picture of the year," he said enthusiastically.

A modest and unassuming young man, Walker claims no special credit for his art—only deftness of hand and eye. Summer or winter, wet or fine, he makes his pictures with his chisels, and asks no longer than five minutes for a landscape and two or three minutes extra for a portrait.

When asked to go to the Academy he demurred. "The police and people know me," he said, "and if I left somebody they'd say it was false pretences."

"Gone to the Academy."

Finally he inscribed upon the pavement the words, "The artist has gone to the Royal Academy. To-morrow the greatest picture of the year will be drawn here."

On the way to Burlington House Walker talked of his art. "Bright colours, first of all," he declared, "are what people want—something striking. From the point of view of art I know it's wrong; half-tones are what I ought to use."

"Then subjects. The public is always sympathetic, and something appealing always goes down. A burning ship with the captain refusing to leave is a popular subject. And portraits of people who've recently died. Of course, you've got to be up to the times."

"When the Russians meet the Japanese at sea I shall put the fight on the stones."

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Experiments are being tried at Anstruther, Scotland, by a Copenhagen inventor with a twenty-five horse-power motor engine for fishing-boat use in calm weather. It can be fitted into small compass, and is destined for sailing craft.

Melton Mowbray schools are all closed in consequence of an epidemic of measles.

Three necks and two pairs of wings and legs are possessed by a chicken just hatched at Prittlewell, Essex.

Snuggly built in a cabbage stock, a hedge sparrow's nest containing four eggs has been discovered by a workman in one of the Swindon allotments.

After twenty-six years in the service, Henry Newham, a Shore-ditch postman, was sentenced to eleven months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday for letter-stealing.

Introduction of agricultural machinery is blamed for the great increase recently in out-relief in North Notts and Derbyshire, many women and children being thrown out of employment in the fields.

During a discussion at yesterday's meeting of the City Corporation it was stated that the commission paid yearly for rate-collecting amounted to £200,000. Of this sum £20,000 was for the poor rate.

Another old well has betrayed its presence in Wolverhampton. The pavement in No. 1, Court, Stafford-street, suddenly gave way and disclosed a cavity of sixty feet. Steps were at once taken to fill it up.

SCHOOLGIRLS AT THE COOKERY EXHIBITION.



Girls from the Burdett-Coutts School competing for the prizes offered to school-girl cooks at the Cookery and Food Exhibition, which was opened by the Duke of Connaught in the Horticultural Hall, Westminster.

One workman was drowned and another severely injured by the fall of a steam crane into the river at the new graving dock at Belfast yesterday.

Propeller shafts, each weighing about thirty tons, for the new battleship *Hibernia*, building at Devonport, were fixed in position yesterday.

Mausey, a tame otter belonging to Mr. W. Garnett, jun., Linton Croft, Clitheroe, has left home for the seventh time. She usually returns but on this occasion her absence has extended over many days.

Without a vestige of clothing, a miner, aged about thirty, was caught by a policeman running about the cliffs between Loftus and Salburn, Yorks. The constable dressed him and handed him over to a doctor.

Hundreds of acres of low-lying pasture are still under water owing to the overflow of the Dee, at Carrog. Several homestead farms are threatened with complete isolation, and in some districts only the hedge-tops are visible.

Morecambe fishermen are endeavouring to capture a seal which has taken up its quarters amongst the codling off the old stone pier. Up to the present, however, the uncommon visitor has proved elusive; and the "draw-net" ineffective.

Mr. Brodick, writing to excuse his absence from the Licensed Victuallers' dinner at Guildford, says: "Trust that the recent Act, while greatly facilitating the reduction of unnecessary licences, has gone far to set at rest the danger of confiscation."

Residents in the centre of the city of Hull feared a second earthquake visitation when, late at night, a new building collapsed. The front wall of a large shop and residence just completed fell into the street, bringing down huge iron girders and scaffolding.

Wigton (Yorks.) magistrates had not the heart to refuse the following appeal made by a man they fined.—"Will you give me time to pay, gentlemen? 'T' missus hasn't come in this morning." She evidently held the purse-strings.

Embedded in the yolk of an egg which Mr. F. Harrington, Stockton Heath, Warrington, was eating, was a sixpenny piece.

Lance-corporal C. E. Dicker, 1st Battalion Hants Regiment, has been awarded the medal for distinguished conduct in the field.

In a tub half-full of water, at the back of his house, a Swadlincote (Derbyshire) checkersman drowned himself. He was found head downwards.

Bangor City Council have decided to ask the County Council to limit the speed of motor-cars through the streets of the town to six miles an hour.

Brixton is to have another music-hall, a syndicate having obtained a site for the purpose of erecting one in Acre-lane. It will be close to the site of the new town hall to be built for Lambeth.

Following the Wakefield Cathedral extension, about 500 aged poor people have been entertained to tea in the Corn Exchange. Each was given a cup and saucer in commemoration of the event.

Nelson, Lancashire, can boast the smallest colliery in the world. It affords employment for two men—father and son—to whom the mine belongs. The entire output is consumed in the neighbourhood.

COUNTESS OPENS MILLINERY SHOP.

London Saleroom for Fashionable
Hats and Bonnets.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

In South Molton-street, W., yesterday the Countess Fabbriotti, a lady popular in society and justly celebrated for her beauty, opened a milliner's shop.

Though London can boast of several titled shop-keepers—the Countess of Warwick opened a shop not long ago in the same neighbourhood—the somewhat unusual step taken by the Countess Fabbriotti is worth recording, if only for the fact that she is the only foreign countess who has taken such a course in London.

It seems likely that the Countess Fabbriotti will have no cause to regret her enterprise, for although her shop had only just been opened there were many patrons calling there yesterday. The shop, of which a photograph appears on page 1, is, from the street at any rate, of a simple, unpretentious appearance. It has the countess's name written above the window in the style of quite an ordinary milliner's. But there will be at least one departure from the ordinary custom of milliners. On Monday next, to mark the establishing of her business, the countess will give an "At Home" at the shop in South Molton-street, which it is expected will be attended by many aristocratic friends.

EAST END GIRL'S ROMANCE.

Seldom has a more romantic story than that of Miss Rose Pastor, formerly of Petticoat-lane, been told in the most improbable of novels. Our photograph on page 9 shows the house in which Miss Pastor lived when a child. From there her parents took her to New York, where she became a cigar-maker. While she was thus employed she was seen by Mr. Phelps Stokes, an American millionaire, who promptly fell a victim to her charms and proposed marriage.

The couple have now been engaged for some time, and much excitement has been caused in Black Lion-yard by the statement that Miss Pastor is about to bring her future husband over to London to see the house in which she lived during her childhood.

MYSTERIOUS YACHT'S HISTORY.

The mysterious yacht which appears in our photograph on pages 8 and 9 has a most curious history. Some little time ago a yacht called the *Caroline* was bought from Messrs. Yarrow and run from the Thames to the Baltic Sea, where it is reported she was converted into a torpedo-boat destroyer by the Russian Government. Now, to allow such a vessel to be sold to a nation that is at war with another would be a breach of neutrality on the part of the British Government. Therefore, when it was heard that the *Jeannie*, a sister ship to the *Caroline*, was being bought by the same purchaser, the Admiralty intervened, and the *Jeannie* was forbidden to leave the Thames without official permission. At present she lies awaiting a buyer in the West India Docks, her price being £18,000.

CHILD'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Upon the body of Mrs. Rawcliffe, who leapt into the canal near Blackburn, a verdict of drowned herself while not sound mind was returned. At the same time much surprise was expressed at the escape of her child, a boy of four years, who was clutched in the woman's arms as she leapt into the water.

Willie Rawcliffe, whose photograph is reproduced on page 11, managed to free himself, and struggled for the bank, which he succeeded in reaching. He hauled himself out by clutching the grass, and then ran off for help, but the mother was drowned before her body could be reached.

SUBURBAN VOLCANO.

On the premises of a Wandsworth chemical manufacturer was a pile of offensive matter, which was stated at the South-Western Court yesterday, ignited spontaneously and discharged horrible fumes.

Witnesses declared that the smell was, at times, so intolerable that they were driven out of their houses.

The magistrate issued an order to stop the nuisance.

* * The Overseas "Daily Mail" contains all the home news of the week, and brings Britons abroad into the closest touch with the Mother Country.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1905

THE UNSOLVED ENIGMA.

WHY was the case of the girl, Nap Patterson, whose third trial on a charge of murdering the English book-maker "Cæsar" Young ended yesterday in New York, followed with such close interest? In America pages and pages of newspapers have been given up to it for weeks past. In this country, too, there has been a sharp demand for news of the case.

What was there in this sordid story of a chorus-girl and a haunter of racecourses to attract the attention of decent people? How is it that respectable men and women, who have no sympathy whatever with squalid intrigues, read every word of a trial like this and interest themselves deeply in the result?

The fact that it was a woman, and a young woman, who was accused; the fact that she had been tried twice before on the same charge; the mystery in which the death of Young was veiled—all these had their influence, no doubt. But we do not find the full explanation in them.

The reason why cases of this kind are studied is that people always have a vague hope to discover in them some clue to a riddle which has perplexed the world ever since men and women began to think at all. That riddle is: Why do men and women attract one another? What is the hidden influence that can make a man leave, as in this instance, a beautiful and refined life-companion to run after a woman who, in other eyes than his, possesses neither charm nor intelligence?

Here is one of the secrets of Life to which no one has ever propounded even a plausible solution. If we could solve it, think how much we should simplify this "sorry scheme of things." How many lives now wasted would be saved, how much misery prevented!

It is this feeling which is at the root of our interest in "love-tragedies," however unsavoury their setting may be. Biologists learn much from the lowest forms of life. Even in a Nap Patterson or a "Cæsar" Young we might stumble upon some hint at what we faint would know.

TOO MANY PRODIGES.

Yet another musical child prodigy is announced! On Monday a little English girl of nine will give a violin recital at Queen's Hall, and a large and accomplished orchestra of grown men will be there to accompany the infant genius.

For ourselves we confess we are tired of this interminable procession of small performers who ought to be playing with their toys instead of on pianos and violins. It is a mere fashion. There is a demand for prodigies, and it appears, no difficulty in meeting it. But the thing is in danger of being overdone.

Soon the world will begin to believe that any child can be taught to be a "miniature Paganini" or a "Liliputian Liszt" (see musical advertisements). Adjectives will have been exhausted. You cannot get much beyond "miraculous," and even miracles would fall if they happened regularly day after day like sunrise or dinner-time.

Unless we want to see our concert platforms given over entirely to instrumentalists entitled to travel at half-price, a stand must be made. There is something absurd in men and women sitting round in rapt attention listening to a tiny boy or girl "interpreting" the most difficult works of the great composers.

If these tiny players feel anything at all of the emotions they are supposed to be expressing, it must be extremely bad for them. We prefer to regard their performances as mere clever parrot-work. In any case we have had enough of them.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Things are either possible or impossible, you can easily determine which, in any given state of human science. If the thing is impossible you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try it.—*Rushin.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

NO one was surprised that King Edward should have spent his last evening in Paris at the little Théâtre des Capucines, where Mme. Jeanne Granier has been delighting the Parisians. The King has always shown the keenest appreciation of Mme. Granier's acting, and when he last in Paris he encouraged her to come to England. I remember, too, that, after the state performance at the Français, he caught sight of her amongst the crowd on the staircase going out, and stopped to shake hands with her and to chat for a minute or two. Mme. Granier has that frank and easy manner, quite without affectation, which the King likes better than anything.

Mme. Granier is indeed a most fascinating person. Her powers of persuasion are limitless, as was seen a few years ago when she wanted to get a certain play for performance at her own theatre. The play belonged to the Comédie Française. The French Home Secretary was approached about it. He was obdurate; the play should stay where it was, at the State Theatre. Immediately Mme. Granier put on her best hat, an indescribable "creation" from Paquin, and went to talk it over with M. Leygues. Need I say that his heart was softened, that he let her have the play, and that she made an immense success in it?

To-day England, represented by the Lord Mayor, must regretfully bid farewell to the most popular United States Ambassador we have ever had. For the last time to-day Mr. Choate is to honour the Lord Mayor by his company at a banquet, and we

AMBASSADOR'S FAREWELL.



Mr. Choate, the retiring American Ambassador, who will be entertained at a farewell dinner at the Mansion House to-night.—(Elliott and Fry.)

may expect him to make his last witty after-dinner speech over here. Here these speeches of his will be missed! At hundreds of dreary official functions he has awakened bored and sleepy people by his cheery words.

Mr. Choate has proved himself an ideal diplomatist, for he has made friends of every English man or woman with whom he has come into contact, from lords and ladies to tramps. I speak of tramps advisedly, for on one occasion Mr. Choate made a complete conquest of one. He was driving in Hertfordshire in a motor-car with Mrs. Choate, and had to ask a tramp the way. The tramp told him, and added: "Give us a lift, guv'nor." "By all means," said Mr. Choate. "Get right alongside Mrs. Choate." So the tramp drove off with them.

It is lucky that Lord Chesterfield, who, unfortunately for himself, has supplied the awakening season with its first sensation, had not his beautiful Countess's diamonds in the jewel-case which was mysteriously spirited away from him. Yet after all it would not have mattered so very much to one whose beauty requires no heightening. I remember well the immense excitement which Lady Chesterfield's appearance in society caused some years ago, when she was Miss Wilson. Nothing had really been seen like it since the days when Mrs. Langtry had dazzled London as the "Jersey Lily."

Five years ago, after a few seasons of this intoxicating success, Miss Wilson became the Countess of Chesterfield. She has shown less inclination to go into society since her marriage. Most of her time is spent either in Scotland, where she goes in enthusiastically for fishing, or at Holme Lacy, her husband's famous seat near Hereford. Lord Chesterfield is celebrated as one of the best-dressed men in London. In that he resembles his famous predecessor, who wrote those pathetic letters to persuade a boorish son to follow "the Graces" as assiduously as he did himself.

It would seem almost ironical to wish the Empress Eugénie, who celebrates her seventy-ninth birthday to-day, "many happy returns" of the occasion, for the widow of the last French Emperor, Napoleon III., is surely one of the saddest of contemporary figures. Her life has now resolved itself into a series of monotonous incidents, and her rheumatism prevents her from doing even as much as she could a few years ago. She may be seen at this time of year driving about near her villa at Cap Martin. She walks round and round the garden there, too, always in black, and leaning heavily on her stick.

At Farnborough, where she has lived for so many years, the Empress is immensely respected by the villagers, and often she drives to their cottages and visits their sick and aged. She is a woman of great courage, and has, after all, probably

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.



Who celebrates her seventy-ninth birthday to-day.—(Downey.)

endured calamity more stoically than any other in her position would have done. Many times while she was Empress of the French she gave proof of her courage—once, particularly, when she visited the hospitals at the time of the cholera epidemic in Paris.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, jun., who reached London yesterday from New York with his wife, is one of his father's "right-hand men" in the management of his affairs over here. To him will be left the Morgan millions, with the misery of responsibility attached to them, and the financial world is therefore anxious to know whether he will be capable of managing them, just as, in old days, nations used to wonder how the heir to the throne would turn out. Mr. John Morgan, as he may be called to distinguish him from his father, is at least physically able to endure his more than royal inheritance.

Tall, ruddy, robust in manner and voice, he seems even more determined than his father. There is even in his business manner an overbearing quality which the father never shows. He cares very little for society, though he might have the best that society can offer. He is far better known in the City than in Mayfair, for he has, like his father, the "fanaticism of work," and is never really happy away from it. Sometimes, however, he consents to play golf, although he considers it a mild and rather foolish form of recreation.

Most people are familiar with the mysterious street and tells a pitiful story of how his or her purse has just been stolen, so that he or she is unable to get home. Whereupon, if you are kind-hearted, you "lend" the sufferers a shilling or so, and they elaborately take your address for purposes of repayment, and you hear of them never more. I am surprised that an appeal quite akin to this rather elementary form of deceit should have taken in Mr. Frederick Macmillan, the "canny Scot" who is the chairman of the Macmillan Publishing Company.

Mr. Macmillan is the eldest son of one of the founders of the famous publishing house. The wedding of his daughter last Saturday was quite a social event. One of the Macmillans, a great traveller and a very cultivated man, came to a tragic end some years ago. He was murdered (at least, so it was supposed) by brigands in Greece. He went one day with friends to visit a lonely monastery at the top of a mountain. After a long walk, however, he found himself too weary to make the ascent, so his friends left him sitting on a rock to wait for them at the foot of the hill. When they came back he had utterly disappeared, and was never heard of again.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"LATE COMERS AT THE PLAY."

I am glad to see that some one has taken this matter up.

To me it is a source of great annoyance that just when my interest and sympathy have been aroused by the play I should be requested to stand up to allow late arrivals to pass to their seats.

By all means they should not be allowed to interfere with the comfort of earlier arrivals.

FERGUSON ARTHUR.

IS HOME WORK BAD?

My opinion is "Yes." My son, aged eleven and a half, leaves home for school at 8.30 a.m., and returns at 5 p.m., has his tea, and then on an average one hour of home work, which makes it seven o'clock before he finishes.

As I believe in young children going to bed early, and insist upon him doing so, he has very little recreation.

E. KERRY COX.

32, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

THE KING'S UNIFORM.

Why is a man in uniform treated as a man to be shunned and avoided?

A very noticeable case of this was observed by the writer on Tuesday last. Three N.C.O.'s of the Royal Engineers were in a railway carriage from London to Chatham, all perfectly sober and very quiet. Yet every passenger who looked in hastily passed that carriage as though it contained something criminal or contagious.

Again, at an exhibition I saw a clerk in civilian attire having very polite attention shown him, while an N.C.O. in red had to be content with a "how dare you be here" stare.

Is it any wonder we cannot get men to enlist?

OBSERVER.

"A MUSICIAN'S GRIEVANCE."

Referring to your correspondent's letter about his double-bass being charged, and the ways of railway companies being strange and maddening, I will give him a bit of consolation.

I pay on an average £100 a week travelling expenses for my three companies for thirty-five weeks in the year, and yet the North-Eastern Railway Company charges me for a portable pianette, which takes up half the room of a double-bass. But it allows a real steam fire-engine to travel with a drum company!

Again, this same North-Eastern Company, strange to say, while charging me for the pianette, allows the instruments of over fifty instrumentalists to travel with my various companies free. Therefore, I conclude that a piano or an organ is not an instrument.

BROADWAY THEATRE, S.E.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P.

ONCE more he is organising a revolt in Wales on matters religious. He organised his first one when he was only a boy at school, and won it.

He objected to Catechism questions in the examinations, so he organised his fellows, and they boycotted them. It cost him a good conduct prize, but he is prepared to be a martyr for his cause. During the Boer war, a man who objected to his views knocked him senseless in the street with a thick stick. It was unpleasant, but it gained him a lot of sympathy.

That is one of his great assets. He can always turn the attacks of his opponents to his own advantage. In the House of Commons he invariably scores when he is attacked.

Then, too, he has that wonderful gift of "personality" which prevents him being ignored. The moment he rises to his feet to speak everyone is interested. He is so intensely sincere, so confident, so determined, that he carries his hearers with him. Whether they agree or disagree, they have to listen to what he says. He attracts attention as a red flag attracts a bull.

His personal appearance has certainly nothing to do with this power. If anything it is against him. There is nothing striking about it. He is just a little man, fresh coloured, bright eyed, with a slight brown moustache and unruly hair. He might serve behind a counter or be what he is—a country solicitor.

And his manner is not ingratiating. He is jerky and jaunty, and looks as though he wanted to wear his hat very much on one side. Still, he has improved a great deal since he first came to Parliament from the wilds of Wales, with side-whiskers and provincial-looking clothes.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 4.—"What is so sweet and dear as a prosperous May in May?" asks the poet, when "Earth unto her leaflet tips tangles with the spring." Such a morn came yesterday.

Buttercups now brighten the orchard grass. If only for associations of childhood, they are worth mentioning, and "buttercups and daisies" will still have a sweet sound for many of us.

The great green buds of the Oriental poppies begin to rise, giving promise of a blaze of scarlet a few weeks hence. Early tulips are at their best. Their brilliant flowers are especially welcome, for not a daffodil nearly over? Yet the pleasant eye narcissi are still in bud.

E. F. T.



NEWS BY CAMERAS



AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS' FIRST ENGLISH MATCH.



The opening of the contest between the Australians and the Gentlemen of England at the Crystal Palace yesterday. J. Darling, the Australian captain, has just won the toss from W. G. Grace.—(Russell.)



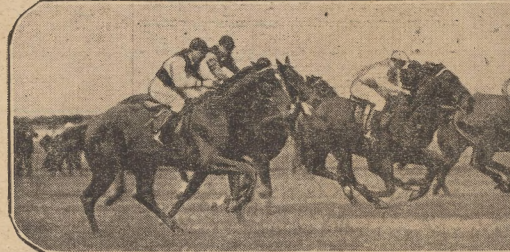
The first hit of the match. V. Trumper scores off Brearley's bowling, only to be bowled when he had made two runs.—(Russell.)



These photographs show (1) the rival captains, Darling and Grace, walking across the field; (2) Mr. W. L. Murdoch, a former Australian captain, watching the game; and (3) the first two Australian bats, Trumper (on the left of the photograph) and Duff, walking out to the wickets.—(Russell.)

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

"THEY'RE OFF!"—START OF THE RACE



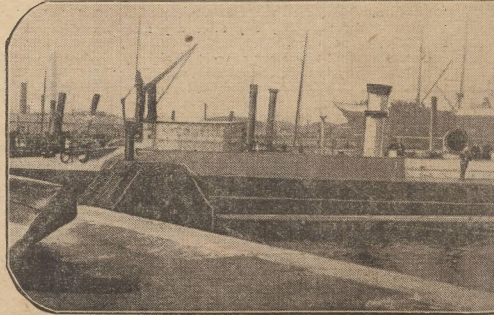
The thirteen horses starting for the race for the Two Thousand Guineas. Wend-Fento

COOKS OF THE NAVY BEING JUDGED



Cooks from the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth competing in the cook during the Cookery and Foods Exhibition. The Prince of Wales's

YACHT OR TORPEDO BOAT? MYSTERIOUS



The Admiralty issued an order that this vessel, which is now lying in the harbor, is not to be shown to the public without official permission. The boat is the Jeanne, built by Messrs. the Caroline, the boat conveyed to the Russian Government, and

PICTURES OF EVENTS



THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.



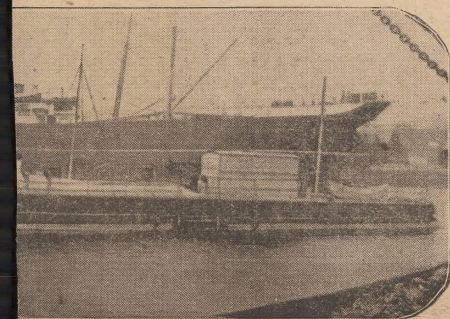
market, which was somewhat easily won by Mr. W. F. de

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHEF.



petition held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, acted as one of the judges, appears on the extreme right.

ESSEL IN THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.



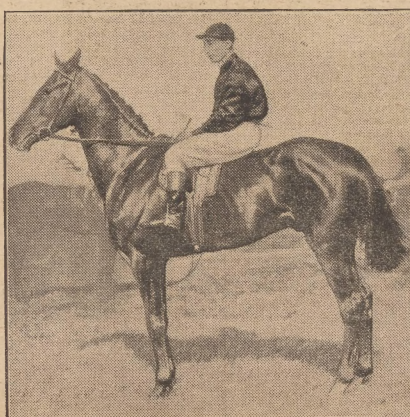
India Docks, should not be allowed to leave the Thames with- and she is offered for sale at £18,000. She is twin sister of and she was purchased by the buyers of the Caroline.

EAST END GIRL'S ROMANCE.



Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, a girl cigar-maker, who used to live in Whitechapel, has become engaged to Mr. J. Phelps Stokes, a New York millionaire. It is reported that she is bringing her husband-elect to Whitechapel to show him this house in Black Lion-yard, in which she was born. The smaller photograph is a portrait of Mr. Stokes.

WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND.



Mr. W. F. de Wend-Fenton's horse, Vedas, which won the Two Thousand Guineas, with Herbert Jones, who rode it in the race.

HANSOM CAB MYSTERY.



At the third trial of Nan Patterson, for shooting "Caesar" Young in a New York cab, the jury yesterday again failed to agree. The accused will now be discharged.

MR. CLEM HILL BATting.



The famous left-handed Australian batsman, who made 87 against the Gentlemen of England yesterday. The photograph of another Australian cricketer will appear in to-morrow's *Daily Mirror*.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of "The Shadow of Her Sin,"
and "A Coward's Marriage."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

Arthur Merrick is to ride the racehorse, King Daffodil, in the Derby, and, though the fact is kept secret, his victory is regarded as certain. The public favourite for the race is The Devil, a horse belonging to Mr. Vogel, who has learned this secret about King Daffodil.

Vogel has in his power a Mrs. Hilary, a fascinating society woman, whose drunken husband he is keeping abroad. She is in love with Merrick, and he with her, and Vogel hopes to force her to use her power with her lover to prevent King Daffodil from winning.

Lyndal Maybrick, a ward of Joe Marvis, who is training King Daffodil, is also in love with Merrick. A splendid horsewoman, she has ridden in the secret trials which have proved King Daffodil's certain victory. Marvis believes that Merrick is in love with Lyndal, and so does Lyndal herself.

Merrick and Dolores are on a day's expedition from Vogel's house together, where they are both guests.

CHAPTER VII. (continued).

It was with an effort that presently Dolores broke away and ran down the bank into the stream and stood ankle-deep in the cool waters—her back towards Merrick.

"Come," she cried. "Hurry up, or I shall frighten away all the fish."

He picked up his rod and followed her.

"I wonder if I've a fly in my book that would lure you," he smiled.

"That's right," he said, "a Golden dun," he replied.

"That's generally the fly men use when they go fishing for—wines— isn't it?"

"I suppose it depends on the kind of fish they want to catch—and the river they fish in. I'm afraid all the flies in my book are very small and far from gaudy."

"Then you don't catch fish?"

But he did; and once, when he looked a big trout in a deep, dark pool, to reach which he had to balance himself on a narrow rock in mid-stream, Dolores watched him play it with intense eagerness and excitement, and when there seemed to be no chance of his being able to reach the bank and land it she waded right into the stream, and, using his straw hat as a net, secured the prize.

"You are a trick!" Merrick declared when, hot and panting he threw himself on the bank by her side, and looked admiringly at the spotted beauty.

"I'm a very wet trick," she laughed. "Oh, but wasn't it exciting! I really think you managed rather badly when I did put your hat beneath him," she criticised; "I was afraid we'd lose him."

"You did look beautiful," he whispered, "as you stood in the middle of the stream trying to land the beggar."

"You ought not to have seen me," she said, blushing. "Do you know, I'm painfully hungry?"

"No, are you? What a selfish brute I am; we'll go back to the farm at once."

"You may fish that pool once again," she smiled, rising and gathering her skirts together. "And kindly look at the river and your flies! I'm going to run about the field in the sunshine and dry myself."

"I've a big pocket-handkerchief," Merrick suggested.

"I prefer the sun. I'll call you when I'm dry."

Merrick did his best to obey Dolores and to concentrate his attention—and his eyes—on the river and his flies. But though he "rose" a couple of fish he missed them both, and occasionally his head would wander from the water to the meadow, where a bare-headed goddess chased through the grass with flying draperies a modern Diana.

"You must be dry now," he cried at length impatiently. The minutes that she was not by his side he counted wasted. They were so precious, and there might be so few more.

For an instant he remembered King Daffodil waiting for him at Epsom, Joe Marvis, and Lyndal Maybrick. And his conscience gave him a nasty twinge, as it put the question frankly:

"Are you playing the game squarely?"

"Life is young and youth is short," he replied.

"Besides, to-morrow or the day after—"

"I think I'm dry, and certainly I'm starving," Dolores cried, coming towards him sedately, with petticoats jealously correct in their behavior.

Merrick's conscience curled up, he slipped his arm through Dolores', and together they walked through the fields, perfectly happy.

And, strange to say, both realised and knew that they were happy; not that they had been or

that they might be, but that they were. A rare and beautiful thing to realise.

And they did not need to tell one another so; each knew, and realised that the other knew. Once their eyes met, and Dolores's lips parted in a delicious ripple of laughter, like the water among the reeds, and Merrick just smiled and nodded.

And they walked on and on. It was strange how far they had followed the stream; the farmhouse was quite a distance away. They did not talk as they walked, not with their lips. Now and then their eyes met, and once or twice Dolores laughed in a quiet, contented way, and Merrick smiled as if he had made a wonderful discovery, a secret none other than he possessed.

Perhaps he had, who knows?

Nature does sometimes tell secrets to mere mortals—invaluable secrets. But alas! they are such that no man remembers them longer than he remembers the feelings that prompted him to kneel at a girl's feet and kiss the hem of her petticoat.

That, by the way, is a secret, too—of old Mother Nature's—and the girls.

Eventually the farmhouse was reached, but not before the ridiculous little shoes of Dolores had rescued like Absalom from the branch of the tree.

"You want your stockings," Merrick suggested, putting his hand affectionately into his breast pocket.

"No, I can't put them on as gracefully as the heroine in musical comedy, so I'll wait until I reach the farm."

Mrs. Rich had laid a white cloth on the old oak table in the centre of the kitchen; windows and doors were wide open, and brass and pewter gleamed from the white walls where the sunlight struck; a log fire crackled in the great fireplace, and soon the trout were hissing in the pan above the flames.

After lunch Merrick and Dolores first saw that the horses had been fed and watered; then they wandered back to the meadows and found a cosy corner between a haystack and an oak tree, and there they sat, Merrick with his pipe and Dolores with a book.

She read a couple of pages, turned a couple more—and then her eyes closed.

Merrick, slowly puffing his pipe, wondered whether she were asleep; he was afraid to speak, she looked so lovely in the meadows and found a cosy corner between a haystack and an oak tree, and there they sat, Merrick with his pipe and Dolores with a book.

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She held up a warning finger.

"The forbidden subject! Don't spoil a delightful day by growing sentimental." She sighed and closed her eyes. "I've been so happy."

Merrick bent eagerly towards her, a smile lighting his face again.

"Have you really? I'm so glad."

"Haven't you been happy?" she asked.

"Happy is hardly the word," he whispered. "To-day will be a red-letter day in my life. But why, why shouldn't we always be happy; why couldn't we be happy together? If you'd only believe that I love you, if you'd only try to love me."

Her head bowed low, looking up at him from the ground, she said softly:

"I do believe that you love me, Arthur, and I—perhaps if things had been different, if I had been different, I might have grown to love you."

"Ah!"

In an instant her hands were prisoners in his. He held them pressed against the earth; and she lay there looking at him with warm, red cheeks and eyes that confessed more than her lips dared.

"What do you mean—if things had been different—if you had been different? What do you mean, tell me?"

She tried to struggle free in vain. His arms were like you steel.

"How strong you are," she whispered. "I must beg for mercy. Let me go, please."

He was on fire with love now, and would not be denied. Only love mattered, the real things of life sank into insignificance, became merged into the horizon of the ideal.

Now was the moment when she could do with him as she pleased; now was the moment when he was as clay in her hands, clay to mould as she willed, in any shape or form. Love gave her love's power—a dangerous power, a terrible power. A divine weapon is the weapon of love—giving almost divine power. She realised it with an exulting thrill of joy, a joy that was intoxicating. Once in her life, and seldom more than once, this power is given to every woman.

Some use it; some let it slip through their fingers like holy water spilt; some few use it—for good? For ill? Clay to be moulded by her hands into any shape or form!

She could make a hero of him, a coward of him, a vile thing of him.

And as she lay there his prisoner, yet his conqueror, exulting in her power, she remembered—Vogel!

It was he who had hidden her mould the clay! He had hidden her mould it into the shape of a coward, a vile thing.

She shivered; her face and hands grew icy cold; the colour and life fled from her face. She lay inert, weak.

Merrick felt and saw the change, but no change came to her mind.

"Speak! Tell me everything," he whispered. "Don't be afraid; trust me, Dolores. I love you, let me prove my love. Something troubles you; there is some great sorrow pressing its hand on your heart. Tell me, dear."

But she remained silent.

She could not speak, for what could she say?

"Tell me," Merrick insisted, but his voice was low and gentle, there was a new note in it, a note of confidence.

He no longer pleaded, he asked, and there was something of command in his question.

Tell him?

What?—The truth?

And he would recoil from her with loathing and contempt. His love would change to hatred, hatred as fierce and overwhelming as now his passion.

And suddenly she realised that she was not strong enough to risk losing his love by speaking the truth.

Had she loved him a little less—or had she been a little stronger—she might have confessed everything and saved him and ruined herself, her chance of happiness.

It was not Vogel she feared now, it was Arthur Merrick.

She loved him.

"Won't you speak; won't you tell me?"

He released her hands, and, rising, stood looking down at her with a glad, confident smile on his lips.

"She did not understand at first; she did not know that her eyes had divulged her secret, had told him that she loved him."

Dolores rose too, and stood with her back to the haystack; she dared not meet Merrick's gaze, dared not look him in the face. She looked away over the trees to the hill, where the sun had fallen asleep in his bed of grey clouds—grey clouds now rosy red with bars of purple stretching across a soft pink haze, hiding the pale blue sky.

A revulsion of feeling swept over her like a sweet, cold, ocean wave, stinging to activity her best impulses and washing away the dregs of self-love.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said slowly, and her voice was infinitely pathetic, without a ray of hope, yet with a certain joy, the joy of sacrifice. "I will tell you everything."

Merrick still smiled; he was not afraid. He was too completely under the spell of her youth and beauty and love to fear anything.

He himself was so young.

"I warn you, when I have told you, you will hate me, you will wish me away and never see me again—that is why I am telling you."

Merrick laughed; but he did not attempt to go nearer to her, nor to touch her. He stood a few feet away, facing her—the glad, confident smile still on his lips.

(To be continued.)

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WITH

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*Neither you nor your husband, relative or friend need suffer from these ailments—simply get from your Chemist a half-crown bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, use it and it will cure you.

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Everybody who knows anything will admit that to have a good mother is the best start one can have in life, for a good mother cares for the body and mind of her child, and is always thinking how she can improve both. Nature and science work with her to this end, and the latter has produced that valuable article known as DR. RIDGE'S delicious COOKED FOOD for children and invalids, which for many years has held its position as the leading Food, and has an enormous sale throughout the globe. All good mothers should get a supply of DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

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MEN HOUSEWIVES.

Husbands Who Manage Every Detail
in Their Homes.

The case which the *Daily Mirror* reported yesterday, of a husband who stayed at home and performed the domestic duties while his wife earned the money for the household, is not an isolated case, for, in spite of the general belief to the contrary, many men do manage their homes.

One instance which came under the writer's notice lately was that of the husband of an actress. Soon after the wedding the wife resolved to go back to the stage.

More in fun than seriously the husband undertook to manage the home while she did so. That was several years ago, but the arrangement proved such a complete success that it has been kept up ever since.

Another instance is that of a journalist, a leading article writer on a London morning paper, whose wife is also journalist, but at work during the day. The husband reaches home and bed about 3 a.m., and gets up again in the middle of the morning. During the day, before going to work, he looks after the house, does the shopping, and, in fact, completely takes his wife's place in the home.

NOT ASHAMED OF HIS WORK.

He does not in the least mind being found at his domestic duties, except in so far as it interrupts his work.

The butcher, the baker, the gas-man—the modern equivalent of the candlestick-maker—are interviewed, and the butcher is reprimanded for tough beef and frozen lamb, or the baker is reminded that it is customary to send an extra loaf at intervals in cases when the bread is not weighed at the time of sale, in a way which greatly impresses them.

Many men do the domestic work from choice. One married man well known to the writer has managed his home for years. Before his marriage he had kept it as carefully as any woman. When he married he brought his wife to this home instead of taking a new house.

For a time he surrendered everything to her, but habit was too strong, and now he manages it as he did before he was married.

How this habit of doing the housework grows on a man is shown in another case, in which the wife

NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH.



William Rawcliffe, aged four years. His mother jumped into the canal near Blackburn with the child in her arms, but he managed to scramble out, although his mother was drowned.

became an invalid soon after her marriage. During the five years that she was unable to fulfil her duties as a housewife, her husband did everything. Now she has recovered and is as well as ever, but he is so accustomed to the work that he is still both the breadwinner and the manager of the house. Shopping is one of his special delights, and it has to be a very acute tradesman who can take him in. There is only one detail of the work he does not enjoy, and that is spring-cleaning. Still as he does everything else, he insists on superintending that too, and he has been seen in an apron and with a duster in his hand.

Another household that the writer knows well is managed entirely by the husband because he finds that he is a better housewife than his spouse. His wife, who had taken a high degree in mathematics at Cambridge, had no idea of how to manage a household. Though she did her best, the home was so uncomfortable that the husband decided to look after things himself.

His rule has proved an unequalled success, and though his wife is fast learning from him, she will probably not be competent to replace him until the work has become so much second nature that he will be unable to give it up.

One of the most amusing sights imaginable is to see him casting a critical glance over a room which the housemaid has just done. He has an infallible eye for dust swept into a corner, or ashes left at the back of a fire-place. Still, he manages to keep his servants longer than most women housekeepers.

SALE AT THE LATE MR. DAN LENO'S HOUSE.



The scene outside the late Mr. Dan Leno's residence during the sale of his effects at Springfield House, Atkins-road, Clapham Park.

PAVEMENT ARTIST WHO WENT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



This is the "pitch" of Tom Walker, the pavement artist of Thurloe-square, South Kensington, whose opinion of the pictures at the Royal Academy will be found on page 6.

"MISS WINGROVE."

Pretty Musical Play Produced Last Night at the Strand Theatre.

Mr. Frank Curzon might have given half a dozen better names than "Miss Wingrove" to the charming little musical play which he produced at the Strand Theatre last night.

He might have called it "The Conditional Million-Heirs," for instance, since it is written round a legacy of a million pounds, which the hero and heroine are to share, provided they marry.

As there has been considerable delay in finding them, they only meet a few hours before the time limit for the wedding expires.

The scene of the play is a little village on the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea, which gives occasion for plenty of bright colour, pretty dresses, sequins, and flowers.

Naturally when the conditional heiress meets the conditional heir, she changes names with a girl friend, so that she may inspect her prospective husband without the glamour of riches. The conditional heir, of course, falls in love with her, believing her to be a penniless girl, and decides to let the money go, only to find he is a millionaire as the curtain falls.

The idea is as old as the hills, but it is freshly treated and so charmingly acted that its age does not matter.

Miss Millie Legard and Mr. Farren Sontar make love very nicely, and sing quite well. The natural way in which the songs are worked into the dialogue is refreshing in these days of music-hall musical comedy.

The fun of the play is chiefly in the ban's of Mr. Arthur Williams, as an English waiter at the hotel and an executor of the will, and very amusing he is. The chorus deserves a word of praise, too, for, though it is rather numerous for such a small theatre, it quite justifies its existence by some pretty part-singing in the second act.

MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT,



The famous comedian, who, after ten years with Mr. George Edwardes, is resigning his position in the celebrated theatrical manager's company.—(London Stereoscopic Co.)

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE SUNLESS CITY, by J. E. Preston-Muddock. P. W. White, 6s. An adventure story of a man who descends to the bottom of a mysterious lake in a submarine of his own invention and finds a new civilisation.

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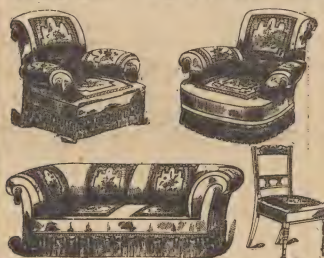
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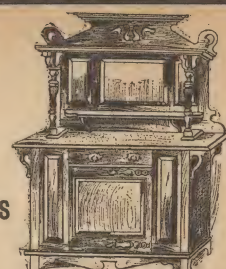
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F. DURANCE.



Mr. F. DURANCE.

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THE MODES OF MAY.

TROUVILLE SAILOR HATS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

To dress simply, or, to use a French expression, naïvely, is the desire of the woman whose aim it is to be well habited in Paris this merry month of May. But she must pay a price for the privilege. It is far less costly to look elaborate than to look simple, without any manner of doubt, because the only simple toilette that is worth putting on must be the work of an artist in scissors and fit, and means also the very acme of beauty in corsets and every single eclair that helps to build up the studiously neat and ungarish whole.

Picture to yourselves a skirt and coat made of dove-coloured cashmere, the coat fitting the figure precisely yet with graceful ease, and absolutely plain save for a little delicate ornamentation about the throat, upon the small lapels, done in white silk and silver braid. Much plaid is worn, quite of a small check, and usually in black and white, a pattern of which the French never weary. One, with a collar of leather-coloured cloth traced lightly with black and white braid, is in excellent taste.

The Triumph of the Gilet.

Another form of decoration is permitted to some three-quarter coats, namely, a gilet or vest, quite a narrow little affair, inserted beneath the fronts of the coat. One such suit made of dark blue cloth (another favourite spring choice of the fair Parisienne) has a gilet of red cloth, decorated with narrow, tarnished gold braid, mingled with black fillole embroidery, the whole garnished down the centre with macarons of braid and silk, that form little mounds or pretence buttons.

Despite every prognostication, the exaggeratedly small polo hat is not the popular one in Paris amongst the best-dressed women, who invariably avoid anything that looks conspicuously peculiar. With their tailor-made toilettes these well-habited elegantes are now wearing fine straw or Leghorn hats, with round brims lifted at one side to show a profusion of blossoms. In many cases the scheme is diversified by the lifting of the hat at the back, where feathers are arranged or flowers take their place.

Delicately beautiful colours are chosen, especially a very pale burnt straw, a lovely pearl grey, and a soft buff. The popular mauve hat trimmed with mauve feathers or flowers is still seen, though it has rather declined from the supremacy of its power since Lent ended. In some of the milliners' windows one observes bright blue and rich rose-red models, but these are not very much worn.

The Trouville Sailor Model.

All the fashionable colourings are seen in the Trouville sailor models, as the very round-brimmed, less picturesque hats are called, and velvet ribbons, real lace, and flowers in faded or dead colourings are the preferred trimmings. The pale blue Trouville is decked with violets; the rose pink ones sport blue roses, or else the purple iris; black sailors call for the pink and red cabbage roses, and lilac straws are trimmed with forget-me-nots. It is a season of colour contrasts of the most delicate and intricate character, and the eye of an artist is needed to observe combinations of tint that will blend together in perfect harmony.

Yokes play a most important part in modes of spring, from the tiniest of all, which are practically an extension of the collar, to elaborate deep yokes. There are also chemisettes, tuckers, and gumpes of every sort. One reason why so small a part of the dress as the yoke is demanding so much attention is, that the cult of individuality is emphasised to-day, and individuality can often be more definitely marked by attention to the smaller details than to a general effect.

Attractive ready-made yokes and deep cuffs to match that can be applied to a plain blouse, the material beneath cut away, and the plain blouse transformed into quite a dressy affair, can be obtained now. They are also quite easy to make at home. Exquisite all-over embroideries and embroideries combined with lace insertion are favourites, and some of them are so delicately put together that they are chefs d'œuvres of the needlewoman's art.

A BROCADED BOOKSTAND.

Old pieces of brocade suggest lovely possibilities to the house-worker. A charming drawing-room ornament is the brocade bookstand, expensive to buy, but quite economical if made at home.

It consists of a fairly high back piece and two sides cut out of stout cardboard, the length depending upon the number of books the stand is to hold, while the base is a piece of thin wood. Choose a piece of brocade with a pattern that repeats itself in groups, so to speak; brocade will be a good one to have one whole design in the middle of the back. Cover the three cardboard pieces on each side and finish the edges with a length of rather thin gold or silk braid. The side pieces must be sewn firmly to the back, the joints hidden by the braid. The wooden base must also be covered with brocade and glued strongly to the cardboard. Four little gilt knobs—stuck on the sides—serve to raise the stand from the table on which it rests.

BEAUTIFUL NAPERY.

TOWELS MADE ARTISTIC WITH LACE INSERTION.

Towels are to be purchased in these days at a very moderate cost by the woman who keeps an eye open for the sales, and when they are bought they may be beautified by the insertion of a broad band of lace, such as dentelle colbert, Italian fillet, or some other coarse lace, which will raise them high above the ordinary scale of towels.

An exceedingly fine quality of huckaback which lasts for years is used for many of the finer towels.



Three of the prettiest sleeves a visit to a renowned French dressmaker's establishment revealed. The top-most one is developed in lavender cashmere, the second in chestnut-brown taffetas, with antique gold upon the cuff, and the third in coral-pink and cream foulard.

It is with this material that Italian fillet is employed to give the decorative touch. One point should be noted with regard to these towels—namely, that the lace band is used at one end only.

The newest style in towels are those with the edge of Italian cut work and others bordered with a deep fringe of Italian workmanship made from mercerised thread. Fine Irish linen towels with insertions of old Irish lace find many admirers, although the opinion of an expert is that they are not so serviceable as the lace-trimmed huckaback ones.

Daisy Wreath Design.

Last, but not least, come the damask towels with a daisy wreath upon them, a new design, and the favourite pattern this spring. A dozen damask towels of a fine quality with the daisy wreath or some other preferred pattern upon them cost a great deal, but they are beautifully hemstitched, monogrammed, or scalloped at the will of the purchaser. Shops are fascinating places in this age, and the visitor to the linen departments will find it well worth her while to look at the latest fashions in towels.

LITERARY ENIGMAS.

The answer to each of these enigmas is the name of a well-known writer.

- 1. Always a pig?—Bacon.
 - 2. A head covering?—Hood.
 - 3. A young animal?—Lamb.
 - 4. A domestic servant?—Butler.
 - 5. A very tall poet?—Longfellow.
 - 6. A very favourite poet?—Hunt.
 - 7. A disagreeable foot affection?—Bunyan.
 - 8. A worker in precious metals?—Goldsmith.
 - 9. What an oyster heap is likely to be?—Shelley.
- Quite an amusing game for girls and boys would be formed if the above questions, and others of the same kind, were written down upon cards and passed round the company, and the boy or girl who registered the highest number of correct answers received a small prize.

SHOULD OPPOSITES MARRY?

THE ANSWER IS YES, UNDER CERTAIN LIMITATIONS.

It is generally believed that the majority of people are attracted by those of the opposite sex who differ in looks most widely from themselves. But the attraction goes far deeper than mere looks. Opposite types of character invariably exercise a powerful fascination over one another.

Love makes all things possible, and granted the love, two of the most dissimilar natures may gradually harmonise until, if not alike, they have yet sufficient resemblance to one another to understand wherein the difference lies, and mutually sympathise.

When Scientists Unbend.

But unless there is some common ground to meet on, there will always be a certain amount of risk in a marriage between those of widely different tastes and habits. Who has not met the clever man of scientific aspirations and accomplishments whose pretty little wife adores amusement of any kind and frankly expresses a perfectly childish horror of her husband's pursuits? The most scientific of men unbends somewhat when love-making, and the sparkling, babyish manner and pretty cooing ways of this woman charmed him then into a responsive brightness. But courtship



This is the popular tailor-made suit of the moment in Paris, made of dove-coloured cloth, with a touch of garnet velvet on the lapels. The hat is a straw one of garnet colour, with dove-wings at one side.

is not marriage. Gradually the husband becomes absorbed in his old interests, interests in which his wife does not even endeavour to take a part. She goes her way, he goes his, and even though they may still love one another, they must inevitably drift apart.

Perhaps it is a happy dispensation of Providence that men of a hasty temper and determined will usually marry the gentlest and most sweet-tempered of matrons. Did two such natures as the man's come together friction would certainly ensue.

Difference in age is another instance of the attraction of opposites. A very young, inexperienced girl almost always prefers the society of men much her superior in age. And very happy these marriages often are, when the girl has followed, no guide but her own heart, and her husband is yet

young enough to smile indulgently on a little girlish folly.

So the conclusion of the whole matter comes to this, that marriage may be happy, no matter how opposite the natures of man and wife, if only the two will mutually give way and strive to understand and sympathise with those differences of disposition and taste that make them opposites, and first attracted them.

"LITTLE GRAPE NUTS"

Is what they call her.

Babies are tender little plants and must be nurtured with care. Like young plants they must be fed often and wisely or they droop and fall ill.

Many mothers, after trying others in vain, have found in Grape-Nuts the very food needed to nourish the frail little bodies and build them back to rugged health.

The reason is simple. Grape-Nuts food, made from the selected parts of wheat and barley, contains phosphate of potash and other elements which Nature puts in the grains as food for the delicate nerve and brain tissues, the bones, teeth, etc.

Many children suffer from "starch indigestion," but few mothers understand or recognise its trouble. In Grape-Nuts the starch is predigested and changed into a form of sugar, so that it passes quickly and easily into the blood and tissues, and starch indigestion never occurs when it is used.

A wise Liverpool mother writes of the excellent results she secured from the use of Grape-Nuts in the case of her very young baby:

"I feel it my duty to let you know the good Grape-Nuts has done for our little one. She came on all right until I had to wean her on account of my own ill-health. I put her on the bottle, and when the hot weather came, although I was most careful as regards the cleaning of the bottle, she took what the doctors called Summer Colic, and she had it for five weeks, and fell away terribly. In fact, I thought we were going to lose her. I used to give her arrowroot, but she could not retain anything on her stomach, not even milk or water or plain barley-water. I did not know what to do and was heartbroken to see her wasting like this, besides she was so cross and peevish I could not do anything as regards housework, so I thought I would try and see what Grape-Nuts would do for her. I gave her for first meal two teaspoonfuls of the Grape-Nuts with hot milk poured over them and let them soak slowly. What was my surprise to see her eat the whole of them. Through the same day I tried her with arrowroot again, and she would not touch it, so I gave her Grape-Nuts again with the same result as the first. You can't tell how glad I was to see her eat like this when I could not tempt her with anything before. She quickly got well, and I am pleased to say has never fallen back since. She is now 11 months old and can almost walk alone. The neighbours are all surprised to see the change in her, and when they ask me I tell them it is Grape-Nuts; in fact we have christened her 'little Grape-Nuts,' and she seems to know her name. She is as healthy a child now as anyone could wish for. We will be pleased to answer any inquiries."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

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